

Good Morning

\$52

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

First Birthday Number

TIGHT-ROPE'S FIRST LAP

IS WALKED, POLICE SAY

AL MALE

VELLEE good picture honourable self, yes?
Sports coat, Simpson . . . collar, Lin Yu Tang Laundry. Plenty fun between sports coat and collar . . . plenty connection, too . . .



"K.O." not for "ring" only "K.O." in life. If man aim for "goal" in life with plenty kick like sport, and if man do less "dirty work behind pack," "Civvy Street" much better place, yes.

W. H. MILLIER

COMING through with my normal straight left, and following-up with that usual right hook, let me say:

Boys, I've been in the Glove Game and the Sports World for over one-third of a century. But never have I been so pleased to talk about the Noble Art and all its outstanding practitioners; never has it given me more honest-to-goodness joy to write about sport as in "Good Morning."



Because I know I'm writing for men who are Sportsmen All. And here's more power to your punches, boys!

STUART MARTIN

GENTS of the Submarine jury! You've heard about the Staff, you've seen the evidence of the paper. I didn't join in the ordinary way. I came in disguised as a glass of beer, and was welcomed without enthusiasm because they thought the liquor was stale.

Small beer is not lively like Aunt Fanny, nor does it Get Around; still less does it go Beneath the Surface. Often it comes up. I plead guilty to giving you 52 crimes in as many weeks. If that is an offence, you can't hang me for it, anyway. So I wish you all a very Good Morning!



RONALD RICHARDS

THE Editor says this space should be used for an affectionate message, so I guess I should address you as "You dear, brave boys . . ."

Instead, taking this great opportunity, I will tell him to go places and say this: I've boarded a lot of vehicles this last twelve months, that have taken me into a lot of scrapes and a lot more fun. The favourite spots I got around to were submarine depots. Thanks for the opportunity . . . and gin. TTFN. . .



DICK GORDON



JUST a few words from this guy: Every theatre management, chorine, film star and publicity man I've contacted for amusement, small talk was given out readily because I mentioned "Good Morning."

What more can I say?

J. S. NEWCOMBE

LET me put a sober word into this column.

The hobby of collecting postage stamps—though belittled by the ignorant, including my colleagues—is one of the biggest single forces for goodwill between men in the world to-day. It is a visible international language. In war, it is a love shared by all belligerents; in peace, a happy meeting ground for all people, black and white, poor and rich alike.

Good collecting, Submariners! If I can help you any way, let me know.



ODO DREW



I WOULD like to thank many hundreds of readers for not writing me letters of appreciation about my work.

To be perfectly frank, as long as "Good Morning" pays me adequately for what I do, why should I

worry what people think? As Plato (or somebody else) said, "The money justifies the job."

GEO. NIXON

SIMPLICITY is the key-note in all successful photography. The elaborate set-ups can't fool the nimble camera. So let me be simple.

I've gone around a lot of places to get pix which will make you say "That's home," or "That's a nice girl," or "That's interesting."

I've also tried to write a few hints for those of you who have been bitten by the Photographer's Art.

If you've been pleased—you can bet I have.



WHY the above model head-line? Fleet Street is sometimes known as "The Street of the Tight-Rope Walkers"—with the accent on the "Tight."

And—"police say"? Well, you know, whatever the police say is always bound to be true. Truth, too, is normal on anyone's first birthday.

So let's look around:— To your left you have all the regulars (and their illustrations!), and all the regulars are saying "Hello, it's nice to know you."

But there are a whole lot of people whose names never appear in "Good Morning," and without whom maybe "Good Morning" would not appear. Lieut. Froom-Tyler has kept us in touch with you. There's Lennie Beadle, who makes up the inside pages—he's now off to the R.A.F.; Alf Wood, who did all the drawings on this page—he's been looking after the picture pages; Tommy Grant, who can get an illustration to anything in almost next to no time; our Artman, F. A. Flax; our charming secretary, Patricia Lea, not to mention the fellows who distribute "Good Morning," the van-men, and the office girls and boys.

Then there are those noble people, the Patient Printers, who, with Master Printer E. J. Ireland, try to stop us from putting our headlines at the bottom of the page, and from ending our stories with "but." Incidentally, they try their best to teach the whole lot of us how to spell. And that's no easy job!

And we'd all like to team up to-day and say to you:— "Working for the boys in the Submarine Service is a job we enjoy, and a privilege."

P.S.—Down below, the Editor (as usual) has the last word.

We get into Pants



And the Editor Says . . .

GENTLEMEN, we're going to propose a toast for ourselves—and we expect you to join us in it next time you up-periscope and sight a 3,000-ton pint of bitter. The toast is, "Happy Birthday to 'GOOD MORNING'—and NO HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!"

We're proud of our first birthday, but "GOOD MORNING" only goes on till its Victory number—and we know that as far as you're concerned that last number will be the best.

So, although we know you wish "GOOD MORNING" well, we know you'll all join us heartily in hoping that its first birthday will be its last.

We're proud of the paper. We believe it's the only paper published in Britain all seven days of the week—we believe you have the only real DAILY there is. It goes into front-line action in a sense that even the other Forces' papers never do. And because you all know of one another in the Submarine Branch it can keep you in touch with home in a way an Army paper never quite could.

"GOOD MORNING" tries to be completely YOUR PAPER—a letter

from home to you, with pictures, news and gossip.

But it's a heck of a queer paper.

The staff have all been thrown out of the Forces, or not allowed in them, because they have spavined fetlocks, or gremlins in the gizzard, or one of those things. We like 'em quick AND dead.

The readers only read it because they have to—there's nothing much else to read where they are.

The circulation is about the smallest of any daily paper there is—and we can't increase it, even by giving it away free.

Still—we're proud of it, though nothing like so proud of it as we are of you. So let's end off where we started.

We hope we've helped to pass the time for you a little more pleasantly. We've tried to do our best, and the Printer's been an absolute brick; but MAY THIS BE OUR LAST BIRTHDAY, AND MAY YOU SOON BE BACK TO "THIS ENGLAND."

OUR CAT



Turn to Page 4 for Your Birthday Present

"All in a year's w

White House Has Its Watchdogs To-day

(From John Miller Londini)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was assassinated; so, too, were Presidents Garfield and William McKinley; and President Harding died a strange death despite the vigilance of the White House Secret Service staff.

But Franklin Delano Roosevelt sleeps peacefully in his mahogany-fitted bedroom; because Colonel Starling, head of the Secret Service, today runs a slick organization that makes even G-men gasp with surprise.

Unlike Hitler's eyrie, you see no machine-gun nests at the White House.

Col. Starling's men aren't dressed as fancy Gestapo. They're plain-clothes men trained at the F.B.I. (Federal Bureau of Investigation), and combine physical perfection with a high standard of technical achievement in scientific crime-fighting.

They are quick on the gun, but their chief mark is in the quiet way they act.

Roosevelt has no need of a food-taster. He does not go in hourly fear of being poisoned, or snuffed-out in any other way. But, in the interests of national security at a time like this, the White House Secret Service has to be working at concert-pitch twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four.

Their catch-phrase is, "It's only a little bomb."

Mrs. Roosevelt is responsible for this. In the President's early campaigning days he had a few political enemies, and as affairs were not so disciplined as they are now (there were no G-men!) it was not unusual for a candidate for political honours to find that some disgruntled opponent had caused a bomb to be planted, maybe even in his home.

So one day Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt drove back in their old "T" high-up Ford buggy, to find with astonishment that the windows had been blown out of their house, that trees were uprooted and the door blown open. Nowadays, after raid damage, you wouldn't think so much of it, but in this little mining town it was a shock to find a house bombed.

Roosevelt went straight for the sheriff. Mrs. Roosevelt, maternal instincts prevailing, rushed inside, clutched hold of her son (now Capt. Elliott Roosevelt), and, holding the little lad to her bosom, chanted to him, "There, there, darling. Don't be frightened. It's only a little bomb...!"

Ever since those days "It's only a little bomb" has been a catch-phrase for the G-men, to have several times found a nest of a plot to upset the peace of mind of the President.

Part of the White House is still open to the public for several hours a day. They loope in and gaze at what is almost a national monument. The Secret Service, in plain-clothes, unseen but all-around, make quite sure that no member of the German colony in a moment of misguided patriotism left behind a parcel may be "only a little bomb."

There are strict Secret Service rules when the President leaves the White House. He never travels alone by car. His car is never by itself. There is always an entourage, and nobody on the sidewalk knows for sure in which the black Packards the President is travelling.

Once has this rule been broken, when the King and Queen visited the White House. When Col. Starling himself, the outriders, who rode up and down to the velvet Packard on their motor-cycles.

the President—and one by the Secret Service. This coach usually travels first; sometimes last. Nobody ever knows in which one Roosevelt himself will travel. Only one thing is certain. In the first carriage of the entourage, no matter which one it may be, a group of detectives travel ahead of Roosevelt—a carriage drawn by a special locomotive.

This carriage goes ahead, takes all curves, tests all plates at speed, takes all bridges and trestles. A saboteur just

moted to "Private Secretary," though so far as the outside world is concerned his duties appear nebulous.

Ostensibly, genial "Pa" Watson's main job is to protect Roosevelt from having too many callers. His rich Southern accent is certainly helpful in pacifying celebrities who think they have a right to call at the White House and demand

dare interrupt the President to tell him you're here. The President is going to be terribly put out when I tell him you called...

This sort of talk nearly always gets the celebrities out of the White House with dignity, unaware that the Secret Service and "Pa" Watson have short-circuited them.

As a vital cog in the Secret Service detail to the White House, "Pa" Watson is invaluable. He was junior aide to President Wilson at the Peace Conference, and there met many Germans who have since become famous and infamous Nazis. After the war he was assigned as Military Attaché to Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg, and there met many people who have since appeared in the role of Fifth Columnist. So he's well prepared to keep such folk at shooting distance away from the White House.

Col. Starling's men and "Pa" Watson have the run of the White House, and know every nook and cranny of the domestic apartments by heart.

Even when Roosevelt takes his daily dip in the £10,000 indoor green-tiled swimming pool which doctors begged him to instal at the White House as a daily aid to his physical recovery, he is not away from the all-seeing eyes of the Secret Service.

"Pa" Watson stands at the door of the bathroom, and having a genial gift for anecdote and a lot of blarney, usually succeeds in making Mr. President forget his burden of office—and that "Pa" is there as a bodyguard as well as a story-teller! There's always just the possibility of another "little bomb."



Col. Starling (left) at the White House

wouldn't stand a chance if he wanted to upset the routine of a Presidential visit.

Col. Starling is no mystery man, though his lieutenants are seldom seen, and known by few. His colleague in maintaining perfect safety for Roosevelt in these dangerous days is Major-General Edwin P. Watson, former military aide to the White House. Two years ago he was pro-

an audience with the head of 137,000,000 people.

"Pa" Watson graciously receives the celebrities, who don't realise that every minute they are in the vestibule they are being studied by a Secret Service man. After a few minutes "Pa" comes back with some blarneying excuse, saying, "I declare this has me terribly upset. Honest-to-goodness, I jes' don't see how I

WELL, WHERE'S THE CHOW?

OUR speciality dish to-day!

A well-known globe-trotter packs this column with places where it was fun to eat, places where eating wasn't easy, and places where... But tuck in your napkin—not you, Momma!—and read on.

Something cheap but not choosy? Mexico City's large municipal restaurant fed its clientele for 3d. a day, but makes its patrons agree to eat there regularly for at least a week and to clean their teeth after every meal. Hanging in individual glass containers on the wall are thousands of private tooth brushes! Or try Bill's 5-Cent Grill on Hollywood Boulevard, with good meals from 2½d. upward, or New York's 1-cent restaurant on 43rd Street. Soup's a ha'penny, baked beans also—but you paid extra for sugar and milk in your coffee.

Or cheaper still? The owner of a Seattle restaurant had so much faith in his customers that he allowed 'em to operate the cash register, ringing up their own checks and taking their own change. Or, better still, Clifton's of Los Angeles frankly invited patrons to pay what they wished and advertise "Dine Free Unless Delighted." I once tried doing it. "That's okay," said the girl at the cash desk.

Music with your meals? Latest idea was the Fiesta Danceteria on Broadway, a help-yourself night-club, where a dollar and twenty cents will cover dine-and-dance for two from 5.30 until 2 a.m. Two immense rooms, music continuous, and you can dance eight and a half hours if you wish. Saturday night the admission bounces to 85 cents, but there's no

tipping—and this new idea in night life is grossing £6,000 a week!

Prefer something quieter?

In a movie cafe in Moscow you could watch the latest news-reels as you sipped your coffee or Caucasian wine. But news-reels are apt to be noisy these days. In Japan you could hire a girl at a small extra charge to sit at your table while you ate. For a slightly higher charge you could have your favourite waitress!

Cutlery free? For a blow-out and a break-up in Jugoslavia some restaurants supplied at a special price special

Harold Albert takes you around

facilities so that you might smash all the glassware and crockery that came to your table.

Cheap rates after 9 p.m. Many restaurants in Lisbon reduced their prices at that hour in an effort to coax people to step out and spend. Taxi rates, too, were apt to be halved, and night life proved cheaper than day.

But what about food? Make a note of the Sandwich Restaurant in Copenhagen. One thousand different varieties of sandwich and a paper bill-of-fare that unrolls to your feet. Or try Tokatlian's in Istanbul. Succulent swordfish steaks, and a notice reminding you that "foreign laundresses must not be introduced after 10 a.m."

You want the most costly? The Maharajah dinner, served

by a Hindu restaurant in New York, is the most elaborate and costly meal that can be ordered anywhere in the Western world. Its innumerable Indian delicacies—many sprayed with costly perfumes—ran to 63 courses, with 15 dishes. Cost? £20 per person.

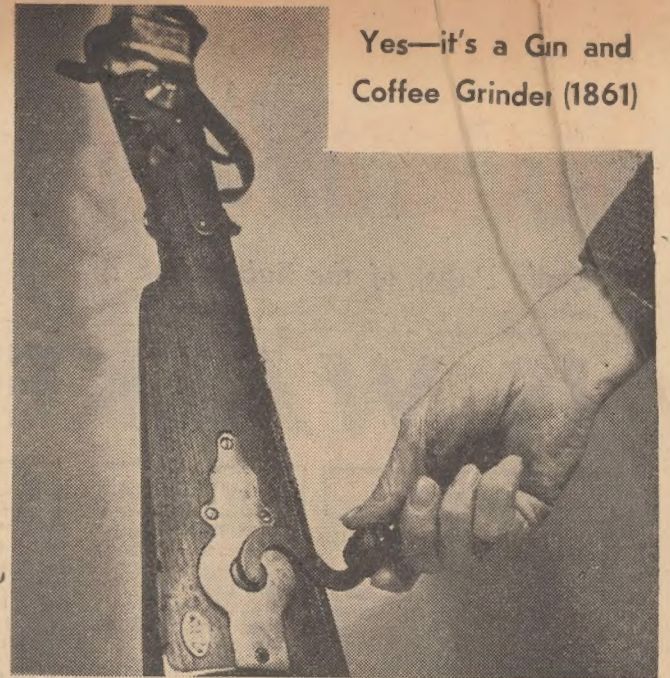
Start with soup? Our English ancestors liked viper soup, and bird's nest soup (made from real edible birds' nests) still fetches big money in China. But any native restaurant around the Pacific can generally oblige you with alternatives—pigeon-egg soup, orange soup, almond soup...

Fishy? Very swishy! Shark fin in New York costs £10 a plate, but some Indians prefer a middle cut of python, and fish eyes are a delicacy in the West Indies. In Iceland, dulse seaweed is stored and eaten as a relish with fish.

What price this plate per porch? I've had chicken velvet in Pekin and mangoes in Manila, sea snails in Brittany and baked sucking pig among the Serbs. They firmly believe that anyone who eats too much acquires a piggish look.

But don't talk about the roast beef of old England. Chief items on one of the few Elizabethan menus still surviving omit beef altogether. Instead there are peacocks, swans, storks, herons, even robins and wrens. Or you could have had eggs in moonshine (boiled in rosewater and cinnamon) washed down with a Damnable Hum.

Beyond the belief that Hum was another name for beer, antiquarians haven't properly explained this one. So I'll leave the riddle to you.



Yes—it's a Gin and Coffee Grinder (1861)

War Museum ready for Peace

(From your Correspondent)

"DESPITE the war we are still busy—preparing for the peace, and many new items that will come with it," said Mr. Harry Foster, the well-known librarian of the Imperial War Museum, when I visited him recently in his office.

The War Museum, reputed to have one of the finest collections of its type in the world, has removed from South Kensington, and is housed in the Bethlehem Royal Hospital, Southwark, South-East London. This building, once known as Bedlam, was the biggest lunatic asylum in the world.

It was presented to the nation by Lord Rothermere in 1930.

As we walked around the lofty rooms of the Museum, Mr. Foster explained how the staff kept everything in order; no easy matter in such a vast building with limited staff. At the moment—for the duration of the war—the Museum is closed to the general public. Thus additional work is not placed upon the men who look after its interests.

"You will quite understand," Mr. Foster explained, "because of the strain on shipping, material cannot easily be shipped to us from the various battle-fronts. The Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry, however, earmark material for us. When the moment is ripe it will be forwarded."

"At the moment, in the Middle East there is a large quantity of war material—Allied and enemy—that is waiting for ships to carry it to Britain and the War Museum. Until shipment can be arranged it is being used for training purposes by troops awaiting active duties."

"We shall have a collection equalled by few other museums in the world," Mr. Foster went on, "although," he added, "the various museums developed in the Dominions and the United States are very, very good. At the moment I am collecting as many newspapers and periodicals dealing with the war as I can. A glance through these, as you will see, justifies me in saying that we possess a collection that must be among the best in existence."

How right he was!

I read newspapers received from every battle-front (including "Good Morning") in this wonderful collection. I was surprised to find that magazines have been developed by men and women on all forms of war work, and some of the most interesting are those produced by people taking cover in air raids during the great blitzes upon London. After the war the librarian hopes to have these newspapers and magazines bound, so that they can take their place with the great collection of books owned by the library.

"It is generally known that we possess one of the best libraries dealing with the last war," Mr. Foster said, after revealing the extent of his collection of newspapers, magazines and periodicals. "We have about 50,000 books in stock dealing with the last war, and 1,000 on the present conflict. It will probably surprise you to hear that books dealing with the last war are still being written."

The War Museum has millions of photographs dealing with the last war, and 5,000 official war paintings. When the present conflict has been won, Mr. Foster and the other hard-working team in the Museum will have a hectic time. With our photographic services so advanced, and many of the world's finest artists engaged in picturing our total war effort, there will be precious little time to rest in the Imperial War Museum!

Films and other documentaries will also be handed over to the collection.

By the way, it is not generally known that during our darkest days the Admiralty and War Office received "on loan" from the War Museum weapons that had for long been "on show." Some A.A. guns, loaned to the Admiralty, did great service aboard a cruiser until the vessel was sunk.

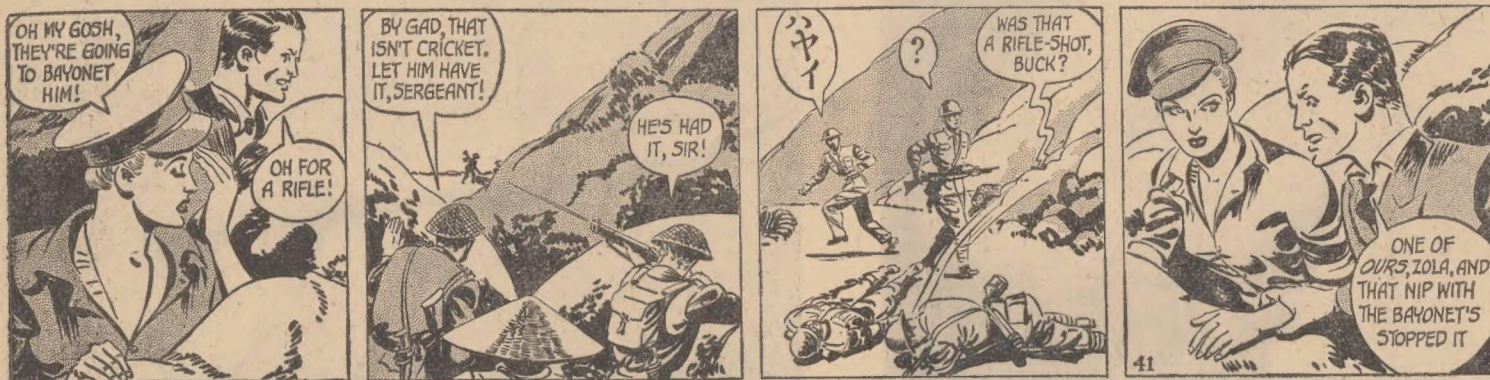
The first War Museum was opened at the Crystal Palace in 1920. It was designed with the idea of showing the terrible weapons produced by man, and to act as a warning.

In between the two wars nearly eight million people paid a visit to the War Museum—which later moved to South Kensington—and often asked its assistance. For example, an officer, hearing that the collection included photographs of every stretch of trench, asked if they could give him a picture of the spot where, twenty years before, he had been buried following a shell explosion. The Museum did more than that. They showed him photographs of the spot before, and after, the explosion!

On another occasion a registrar of marriages phoned through and asked if anyone could tell him the way to spell Passchendaele. He had just married a girl who, although she had borne the name for twenty years, could not spell it properly! As usual, the War Museum obliged.

Another of its duties is to distribute the flags flown over the Cenotaph when, twice a year, they are given away and replaced by new flags. Always there is a long waiting-list.

BUCK RYAN



His Majesty's Tradesmen

By J. M. Michaelson

A RECENT issue of the "London Gazette," No. 36315, devoted no less than twenty pages to a unique "honours list." It was a list of all the tradesmen holding "warrants of appointment" to the King, the Queen and Queen Mary, entitling them to display the Royal Arms with the words "by Appointment."

The holders number over a thousand and supply the Royal Household with every imaginable need.

The list, for instance, mentions the supply of curvise D.G. to King George V—a liquid seed dressing for cereals. There is a "horse milliner," and not so long ago was a purveyor of lamprey pies to the King.

By no means all the warrants are held in Britain. There are manufacturers and tradesmen in all parts of the Empire who have obtained the coveted Royal Appointment, and formerly some were in France and other countries outside the Empire.

TO SERVE THE KING.

The warrant itself, formerly an elaborate document of parchment, is now comparatively simple, and states that the King has appointed Messrs. So-and-So into the place and quality of suppliers or manufacturers of whatever-it-may-be "to hold the said place so long as shall seem fit to the Lord Chamberlain for the time being."

The warrant states that the holder is entitled to use the Royal Arms, but not to display them as a flag or a trademark.

A very important point is that the warrant is only granted to an individual named on it. It is strictly personal, and in the event of the death, retirement or bankruptcy of the holder, must be returned.

The warrant also ends with the death of the sovereign. In many cases new warrants are given to the same persons by the succeeding ruler, but the right to them has to be "earned."

Where, for one reason or another, perhaps because the particular article is no longer required, it is not granted, the right of describing himself as "By Appointment to His Late Majesty" is generally given.

There are simple qualifications for the warrant. The applicant must have supplied the King or Royal Household for three years, must be a person of absolute integrity, with whose name no scandal has ever been associated and who has never been bankrupt.

When King George VI and Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, many holders who had had warrants in three or more reigns were disappointed to find they would have to wait three years before they could apply.

Only those who had been supplying the King and Queen with personal articles and services when they were the Duke and Duchess of York were granted immediate warrants. They numbered only about 60. A great many have been granted since as they qualified.

WITH A COFFEE.

Many small traders who have been pleasantly surprised by a visit from a member of the Royal Family out shopping have imagined that they were entitled to display the Royal Arms.

In one instance some years ago the owner of a coffee-stall proudly put up the Prince of Wales's feathers and "Under the Patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," on the strength of the Prince having a coffee there.

Something over a century ago all holders of the Royal Warrant banded themselves together into the Royal Warrant Holders' Association, and it is now a powerful body, exacting the highest code of conduct and restraint in advertising from its members and pursuing those who innocently or otherwise use the Royal Arms without a warrant.

They have dealt with more than 5,000 cases of this kind.

On the occasion of the Jubilee of King George V, it will be remembered, the Royal Warrant Holders built and completely furnished a "perfect modern house" on a lovely wooded site in Surrey, and presented it to the King for the use of whoever he might nominate.

Incidentally, it is not always realised that the King and Queen pay for everything they have at the usual prices. Formerly, warrant holders had to take an elaborate oath that they would not offer any "fee, gratuity, vails, perquisite, present, percentage or sum of money."

No fees are payable for the appointment to-day. It was Charles II who really started this business of appointing tradesmen, with no other object in mind than collecting money for the honour! It was Queen Victoria who set the whole matter in order and made the appointment a real honour.

'S A FACT!

Russia is called after the Russ, a tribe who lived there long ago.

Portugal got its name from "Portus Cale," the name the Romans gave to Oporto.

Stories from the Bible, represented by the priests, were the origin of sacred comedy.

King John did not sign the Magna Charta, a many people suppose. He only sealed it; he could not write.

Good
Morning

